

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I AM GETTING TO THE ROCKY ROAD

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When Kitty and I arrived home Dick was not there, and we sat down for a little chat, although it was very late.

"Dick does not like me, Margie," she asserted rather than asked.

"Nonsense! He was just grouchy at me this evening," I said.

"Well, it's mutual, for I don't like him a bit for treating you as he has done tonight. I don't care if he doesn't like me, he knows you do, and he could be nice to me for your sake. I'll bet you are often nice to friends of his that you don't particularly care for.

"Well, dear, it's all over," she continued, "this night was my last good time."

"Don't say that, Kitty," I expostulated, "you will certainly have better times with your baby than you ever dreamed."

"I don't want a baby, Margie, and I know I won't be a good mother. I know my limitations. I hate responsibility. Don't look shocked. I am at least honest, and that is more than a great many women of my disposition are."

"You are right, Kitty, and it is because you are honest that I have always loved you, but oh! my dear, you could be so much happier and make others so much happier if you would only care—only realize that life is not entirely to be lived for self."

"Don't I know this, Margie? You may be sure I know it, and I do love Herbert and respect his worth. If he would just unbend a little—be just a little human—he would be perfect. He ought to have married one of those perfectly good women who don't know a temptation when they see it, who live by the rule of convention and look with horror upon any other woman who has an independent thought or expresses a human frailty.

"Margie, I grow so tired of trying to be an example of uprightness and strength for those who will never stand upright nor have anything but weakness. Margie, I may be wicked, but when Herbert works and worries over these derelicts of humanity I often wonder why he spends so much time with the hopeless. I believe I am ready to help those who want to be helped, but Herbert seems to glory in trying to help those who do not want to be taken out of their sordid and sodden lives."

Then Kitty, bright-eyed, smiling Kitty, all at once became gray-faced and terror-stricken.

"Margie, I am afraid—I know I am going to die."

"Nonsense, my dear, you won't die. You are healthy and well. There is not the slightest reason in the world why you should die."

"But I am afraid. I'm a coward, I know, but I can't help it—I am afraid." She burst into hysterical tears and soothed and comforted her until she fell asleep.

After she was quiet I took off my evening frock, and putting on a loose gown over my nightdress, I sat up beside the window to watch for Dick, as I was almost sure I would find he had been drinking, and I did not want him to make enough noise to wake up either Kitty or dear Aunt Mary.

Dick did not come, however, and as daylight broke I got into bed.

How is it all coming out, little book? Do all women come to a hard place in the road of married life and are some of them strong enough to march over it. And is it pleasant again on the other side?

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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Becker, who conspired to murder, has been legally killed. The fellows who paid for the Colorado murders are moving in high society.